THE COBDEN CLUB.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE SECEDERS. FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE The Cobden Club incident, of which I have said ething before, has ended in a blaze of glory for

r. Chamberlain. It seems now pretty well agreed hat the secession of Mr. Goschen and his colleague was due mainly to their wish to express a protest inst Radicalism as impersonated by the Presient of the Board of Trade. Mr. Goschen is a very onsiderable personage, and Lord Ampthill is nother. But if they had desired to do Mr. Chamerlain a service, they could not have devised a letter method than that which they hit upon in the hope of discrediting him. They might have foreeren this result had they but reflected what an engnery the inventor of the Birmingham Caucus has ready to the touch. A man who, as his enemies lege, can pack a Parliament, could hardly be at a

ss to organize a dinner at the Ship Hotel in Nor did it need much organizing. Mr. Chamberlain is a leader who rouses as much devoted enthusiasm among his friends as rancor on the part of his political enemies. The section of als of whom be is now the chief will go through fire and water for the man whom Birmingham affectionately nicknames "Our Joe." The ement it was suspected that a demonstration was eant against him, his friends rallied in numbers. The Cobden Club dinner had become a tiresome fair to most members of that curious estitution. It was all at once galvanized into lifelike activity. Never before, say the faithful, has there been such a festival-never before so many diners, or such a spirit of militant hilarity. than three hundred sat down to meat, or rather to fish ; to that endless succession of horrible compounds which now make up the once famous

dinner of the Greenwich hotels. There were over forty members of Parliament. There were disthiguished strangers, including seven or eight from t'e United States, and from other countries where sound protectionist policy prevails; Australia for Lord Houghton, who is everywhere, was esent; his health, I am glad to say, somewhat re-ablished. Mr. Chamberlain was cheered when went on board the steamer which conveyed the many from Westminster to Greenwich; cheered en he left it; cheered when he took the chair red when he rose to speak, and cheered when he at down; with many more intermediate cheers durng the course and progress of his various addresses.
bug and short. The papers reported the dinner at
cousal length, and Mr. Chamberlain in full. The speech was well worth reporting. It gives one a sear notion of what I may call the newly revealed matic quality in this fiery innovator. Nothing ald have been easier than for a man of an awk rd mind to throw away all the chances thus red him. Mr. Chamberlain has at times giver hat seemed needless offence to friends and foes.

ery trick. I suppose I need hardly explain that
hatever I say about this Cobden
tioner rests upon that sort of evidence which lawwars, sometimes with excessive pedantry, teach us e distrust as hearsay. This yearly banquet upon conwich fish is one of those privileges which the anighted Protectionist must be content to forego. some years the secretary of the club was, ind, good enough to send me invitations to the din-

at on Saturday he took the right tone, and whe

sat down an American admirer who was present

amed up the general verdict that "he had made

; knowing, no doubt, that I was spending my outside of the Bedlam to which Mr. Bright would consign those who do not hold his views on ver or trade, and assuming that I had earned this om by adopting Mr. Cobden's opinions. For come years I thought it sufficient to return a formal fusal, but at last it seemed right to explain as peatly as I could that I am, in fact, a Protectionist.

I have never had another invitation.

It is the intolerance of Radicalism, its rule or ruin ley, against which the seceders from the Cobden to make a stand. If Mr. Labouchere is to b pted as an anthorized exponent of Radicalism protest against intolerance could be supported m his public declarations. He is, in some sense, a tenant of Mr. Chamberlain, but Mr. Chamberis not a man to be bound by anybody's profes but his own, and in this point of intolerance he has turned the tables on his opponents. As he stated his position and that of his party on Saturday, nothing could be more moderate, reasonable, sive even. Party union, he truly said, is based upon mutual concession, and he eleverly added what is equally true, for the moment, that a the Radicals who have to h concessions in keeping step within the Liberal ranks.

They have to slacken speed in order to suit the page of the slowest of their travelling companions.

That obligation he accepts. He sees that progress England has always been slow. The condition vance is to carry along with the party the coned judgment and the intelligent opinion of the prest majority of the Nation. So much Mr. Cham-berlain yields. He claims, on the other hand, free and full toleration for the expression of his opinions. That is precisely what was questioned and depied to him when he proclaimed the other day at That is precisely what was questioned and ed to him when he proclaimed the other day at ingham the present Radical platform: Manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, and payment of members of Parliament. Our views and doctrines, retorts Mr. Chamberlain, in his epigramic way, may not be ripe for acceptance, but the fare always ripe for discussion. Radicals are the pioneers of the Liberal party. They are always advance. It is their business to edu cate the public mind and pave the way for future progress; "and if that right is denied us, I say that union is impossible." It is the seceders, then, who are intolerant, the Eadicals who are tolerant, who conceds to the Whig section of the Liberal party liberty of action in the present, inclusting a free use of the curb and drag, claiming only in return freedom of opinion as to the future. On the point of his solidarity with the Cablact Mr. mberlain cleverly refrains from dwelling. He we not arguing with his colleagues, nor with any-bory who has a claim to speak in behalf of his colleagues. But nothing could be more spirited than the declaration with which he concluded, that if silence on debatable questions is to be imposed as the condition upon which alone Radicals may be remitted to co-operate, "then I say it will, be im-possible for Radicals to share in the work of govent till they are strong enough to dictate its To suppose that Radicals will be by office to be unfaithful to their cherished

I ought to take pains to say that the cause of ee Trade and the memory of Mr. Cobden were by means forgotten in the heat of this duel between dical and Whig members of the club. The fire iks which blazed about the head of the Presi at of the Board of Trade and of the evening served, among other things, to illuminate the other tures of this gathering. What Mr. Chamberlain had to say about Free Trade and non-intervention other items of Cobden's policy is much better rih reading than the platitudes too commonly ked on similar occasions. But I must refer for that to the speech itself. It is as pattle-ground of Whigs and Radicals that the en Club happens to serve, and to be chiefly ining this year. I stop only to quote, as a speci itical humor, Mr. Chamberlain's remark at Mr. Cobden's radicalism on vital questions was least as advanced as any that prevails nowadays, by did not the seceders discover before now at they were aiding to the dissemination of this s doctrine? Mr. Cobden in fact would, ild he return to this world, be sympathetic with ority of the club who remain to carry out m out of the ranks at the first suspi-"unless we are to suppose that a a Radical has been very good in this world, in the next.

siples, or that they will purchase place at the

rifice of all which should lead honest men to

covet it, is a delusion "as insulting to our common

e as it is injurious to our honor.

United States Free Traders were represented

at the Cobden Club by Mr. Horace White and Mr T. G. Shearman, and the impression these gentle-men produced on a British audience was not, I am sorry to hear, altogether, a favorable one. With the matter of Mr. Horace White's speech no fault was found. We all know Mr. White as an able an, perfectly competent to state his case clearly and strongly, with a pen in his hand. But he is no a practised speaker, and it requires a speaker of more than average skill to hold an after-dinner idience of three hundred gentlemen engaged in active private discussion and in the consumption of tobacco. Mr. White's moderate statement about the condition of his own country perhaps disappointed the sanguine Briton, who reads every week or so in nis paper that America will shortly open her ports British goods. The abstract principles of free trade, he declared, had not made much progress in the United States recently. This avowal must be a blow to Professor Sumner; a blow also to that minent American Free Trader who lately went about London affirming that in Argerica the intellectual battle had been won. It is on the practical side, Mr. White tells us, that free trade has made progress. "It was the pinching of the shoe that made England a free-trade country, and the same experience would soon bring America round to the ame policy." This, I fear, shocked the true Cobdenite, who has been accustomed to regard the economical doctrines of his leader as a kind of gosnel from Mount Sinai.

As for Mr. T. G. Shearman, what we Americans have most to be grateful for in his speech is the kindly omission of the London press to report the more of-fensive parts of it. Mr. Chamberlain, perhaps imperfectly acquainted with Mr. Shearman's career, omitted to commend him to English regard as the ex-counsel of the late Mr. James Fisk r to make any allusion to the trial of Mr. Beecher, Mr. Shearman, however, described himself, in terms equally graceful and modest, as a delegate from the greatest country in the world to the next greatest. Next he informed his fellow-guests that e was a man of a religious life, and forthwith proceeded to argue for free trade on moral grounds, and to proclaim that the cause was to be fought enceforth in America on a high moral basis. Mr. White had just been telling the club that free trade would be advanced by the pinching of the shoe in America. Mr. Shearman on the other hand insisted that the triumph of free trade doctrines is to be obtained by insisting on the principles of justice and brotherly love among mankind. There s"a deep moral feeling running through the convictions of the American people"-whatever that may mean. I infer that Mr. Shearman is to go home as a missionary for the propagation of these new ethics. I hope he may. It does not much natter what nonsense he talks at home. But a American powerless for mischief in his own country may do some mischief to the reputation of his country abroad: if not in morals, in manners. G. W. S.

HOW THE RESIGNATIONS ARE VIEWED IN PARIS.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE

PARIS, June 29.

The retirement of six Whig members from the Cobden Club has exercised the quidnunes here. Did they retire because of Clemenceau, or of Chamberlain is a question asked by many journals. The answer probably is, Because of both, and out of deference to the first three dissidents. They were Baron Ampthill (formerly Lord Odo Russell), his brother, Lord Arthur Russell, and Mr. Goschen. Lord Arthur-and this fact explains a good dealis the husband of a Legitimist French lady. She was née Peronnet, and is the grand-daughter of Charles Xth's Minister of the same name who signed the ordinances which were the immediate cause of the Revolution of 1830. Lady Arthur Russell belongs to the Vallombrosa set which poured into the ears of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Wolverton at Cannes cruel and wholly baseless slanders against Clemenceau. Lord Arthur, of course, derives his opinions on French political men from a Legitimist source. He and Baron Ampthill and the Messre. Goschen, Cartwright, and Creyke, have talked over the scandalous assertions which were so actively circulated at Cannes last winter, and without stop ping to inquire if they were true or false to show themselves virtuously indignant. Their excuse is that Clemenceau's election was too purely political, because the object of the Cobden Club is economic reform. One would be glad to know, then, what was the title of Baron Ampthill or of his noble brother? His lordship has been for many years in Berlin, and sees French Radicals through illustrion Prussian eyes. Creyke, the member of Parliament for York, is simply foolish. I judge him from a letter of his to an Englishman here, in which he unad his mind on the subject both of Chamberlain and Clemenceau. What they really dislike in the latter is his sincerity. So long as the English Whigs thought Gambetta staunch to his principles they swallowed every falsehood that his enemies put in circulation. As soon as they thought he was not a tribune but a self-seeking politician, they turned round and burned incense under his nose. I do not say he was what their fancy toward the end of his career painted him. Gambetta would, had he lived, I am persuaded, have returned to his first ove and perhaps developed into a deep reformer. Goschen is bland and shallow, though in some respects clever. As a City man he is drawn toward the Rothschilds and other high priests of the golden calf. They hate Clemenceau, and if it be admitted that the possession of heaps of money is the be-all and the end-all of human exertions, they

are right. Clemenceau takes good-humoredly the talk and controversy which has been occasioned by the re-tirement of Lord Ampthill and the other five Whigs from the Cobden Club. He is going to Havre next Sunday to make a speech. I saw him last night and heard from him that he declined to attend the Cobden Club banquets many days before the Whigs in question seceded.

THE DISCRIMINATING NEWSBOY.

HOW HE "SIZES UP" THE LITERARY TASTES OF HIS CUSTOMERS.

He was a bright, active boy, and he came through the railway cars distributing his books and pa-pers in a manner which showed that, whatever his failings might be, bashfulness was not among them. Hav-ing placed a book or a paper in every seat he waited until he saw every one in the carlooking them over; then he swooped down on the readers and carried off the books unless they purchased them. This was in the smoking car, and the boy, having "worked" all the other cars, came and sat down in the seat behind a TRIBUNE reporter who happened to be on the train. With a view of learning the secrets of the trade the reporter engaged

the boy in conversation.
"Do I throw my literatoor 'round hit or miss! Well, I should rather say not" said the boy. "It's just as much an art sellin' magazines and papers on the cars as

"Then you select a certain class of publications for

"I do, every time! When I come into a car to distribute my papers and books and magazines I size up every man, woman and child in it before I give out auything man, woman and child in it before I give out anything. It all has to be done at one look, and 'taint no easy jot neither. I've been on the road three years now, and ain't got it down rs fine as some fellers, but I can gen erally tell whether a passenger wants to read the 'Adventures of the Red-Headed Club' or is longing to while away his time on the 'Substrata of the Carboniferon

"Do you ever make a mistake !"

"Well, sometimes. Extreme cases are easy enough to tell, but there are the intermediate folks that ain't one thing nor the other,-you can't place them for sure never. I saw an old chap the other day with a white choker and a baid head. He had an awful go-to-meetin look on, and his mouth was all puckered up as if he was asying prunes and prisms. I threw a 'Commentary on the Pilgrim's Progress' into his seat, and when I came back after it he swore at me like a pirate and bought a

back after it be swore at me like a pirate and bought a 10-cent songster."

"Which do you find it the harder to 'size up,' as you say—the men or the women !"

"Oh, the men. You can most always strike it right as regards the women, and if you are in any doubt a cheap edition of one of Black's novels will catch 'em all."

"Suppose you should strike a man who could not read, what would you give him it"

"I suppose you think I'd give him an illustrated paper with lots of pictures in it, but I wouldn't. I don't very often run acrost people who can't read, but if I do see a man pick up the book or paper I've thrown in his seat, and hold it upside down, I twatch him pretty close and if I am sure be can't read I go and offer him some publication that has a good deal of reading in it and a picture every two or three pages. This pleases him and he buys every time. You see there are not enough pictures to give the idea that he bought it for those alone, and yet enough to keep him from going to sleep. So long"

"A NEW SET OF INTERESTS."

HOW A NEW-YORK WOMAN LAID HOLD IN DAKOTA.

EXCHANGING A CITY BOARDING-HOUSE FOR A PRAIRIE FARM IN QUICK TIME DESPITE DIVERS TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS.

the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: Now that my mother, and Gretchen, and her husband have gone off to the farm, I have time to jot down my experiences; and it seems to me that these may be of use to some of your readers, especially if you have any like the Massachusetts lady who, having been eferred to me since my return from Dakota for informa tion as to the country, introduced her inquiries by in forming me that she had "been interested in the mar veilous growth and development of Dakota, and had been thinking for four or five years past that she would like to settle there and grow up with the country." To such dilatory persons I have only two words to say, if ant to find Dakota very much grown up indeed by the time they have made up their minds; an hose are, Hurry up!

My father was a German who settled in this country before the war, and fought and died for the Union, leav-ing my mother and myself with not much besides our own energies to depend on. There would be no need to tell you this, as I am American born, but that an idea seems to prevail that Americans of German descent ar generally deficient in snap,—an idea which I'undertake to prove to be groundless, et any rate so far as it relates to myself. We took to running a boarding-house, and for the first two or three years had pretty hard work to make both ends meet. Since that it has been comparatively plain sailing, but I can say with confidence that any money we may now have to put into farming is Dakota has been as hardly carned and with as much mental anxiety and worry as—well, as the savings of an editor, to put an extreme case. It is "care" that "kills the cat" all the time, and I have no doubt now that the good doctor was perfectly right when he said to me early last spring after I had been laid up for a fortnight with a bronchial attack: "My dear young lady, these bronchial troubles of yours are more due to worry and to your continually dwelling on one subject than to ng else. You have got to have a new set of interests and a change of scene, if you don't want to have a serious illuess."

GETTING READY FOR DAKOTA. So I talked the matter over with mother, and she said: Supposing we go West"; and suggested Denver, Colorado, as a promising place. I dared say that Denver, Colorado, would suit as well as any other place, but jus then it occurred to me that mother, as a soldier's widow had some rights to unoccupied land under the Soldiers Homes Act, and that one of our former boarders, Mr R-, knew all about it. So we got Mr. R- to come to see us. And I attacked him at once with:

" Can we locate !

"Why, yes." "Where do you recommend us to go !"

"Well, I should say to Dakota. There is plenty of good prairie land there near the railroad, untaken up, and you can get it broken up, ploughed and seeded for

% an acre."

This reply was like a revelation to me, for though knew nothing about Dakors—didn't know within 500 miles or so where it lay-I had so often of late come across "Dakots wheat, No. 1," in the market quotations in the papers, that I had somehow got to dream of Dakota as a No. 1 country to go to; and now this looked like a fulfilment of my dream. So from that moment, though many other parts of Uncle Sam's big farm were suggested by sympathizing friends, I stuck to Dakota.

to apply to the Department of the Interior, at Washington, which we accordingly did, and received a plan of unoccupied lands and the information that mother could not only locate 160 acres under the Soldiers' Act, but another 160 acres as " a tree claim," the latter entailing the planting within a certain time of a certain number of timber trees; and that the first steps could be taken for her under a power of attorney by myself or any on else whom she might appoint. So, as we could not both leave together without a rebellion among the bearders the power of attorney was made out in my favor. But it was March then, and pretty cold here, let alone what it might be in Dakota, and, so as I had certainly got my "new set of interests" already, I felt that I could with a clear conscience put off my "change of scene" till the weather should be warmer; and from that time till the Sth of May, when I started for the West, my new set of interests had time thoroughly to develop. very difficult to obtain exact information as to the country. When I called at the offices of the Northern Pacific Railroad in the Mills Building, I had no means o reaching the inner sanctum where perhaps I might have obtained it, and I found the young gentlemen of the outer Paradise too much occupied with their own affairs to be able to do more than "refer" me " to the local agents. But Mr. R-was able to give me an intreductio company's general land agent in Mil saukee, who would nterest the local sub-agent in my favor.

I ought to say that there was another reason for my sticking to "Dakota wheat, So. 1," which was this About a year ago Uncle Wilhelm and his daughter Gretch-About a year ago the common to seek their fortunes and wheat-raising was just what he knew most about. He had got temporary employment in New-York, but was quite willing to go West; and Greicheb, who had been helping us run the bearding-house, had found time in helping us run the hearting-house, had conducting ingage herself to a hard-working, enterprising your, low-countryman who had saved enough to locate it part of the country he had a mind to, and only re-red a word from Gretchen to make that part Dakota A VERITABLE TRIAL TRIP.

A VERITABLE TRIAL TRIP.

So on May 8, with my introduction and (as I thought) my power of attorney in my satchel, I started out straight for Milwaukee, accompanied by Uncle Wilhelm, feeling as if I were going to take possession of "all out of doors."

But before I got to Salamanca I nad a severe damper. That precious power of atterney was not to be found in satchel or elsewhere, so I telegraphed to mother from that place to forward another to Bismarck. That was a blow; but there was a worse one to follow. On arriving in Milwaukee I was so auxious to deliver my introduction to the agent that I would not wait for one of the infrequent street cars, but walked off to the land office a once. "Mr. P—will be here in a week's time." A week's time! And I had promised mysoif to do my locating and build my house and be back in New-York within a month! No power of attorney and no introduction! I had begun to feel like a man who had to be hanged anyway. Now it seemed to me that the bitter ness of death had passed, and that I was landed desperate another world. So I faced Mr. P---'s lieutenant and wanted to know what land they had for sale. They hadn't any. Then I inquired for settlers' rates of far

They hadn't such rates, and didn't want settlers. Then I returned to the station and was about telegraph mother, "Done no good," when a telegrap operator asked me: "Did you get a telegram ?" No. I hadn't; though I had inquired at all the offices. Well, here it was; and it said: "Power of attorney forwarded to Bismarck and duplicate to Milwaukee." I wasn't going to wait for the duplicate, so on we went to St. Paul, having spent some hours in the city of beer. On arrival in St. Paul, I only gave myself time on landing to confide Uncle Wilhelm (who talks no English as yet) to the care of an obliging porter, with atrict injunctions not to let him go out of the waiting-room, and then sailled out to find the general land agent. I couldn't find his office, but I did find that of another agent. Here I was told in reply to my inquiry that Enumett County, about which I had heard as a good part in which to locate, was still

reply to my inquiry that Emmett County, about which I had heard as a good part in which to locate, was still unsurveyed, and was, moreover, too near to the great Indian reservation to be comfortable, and was advised to go direct to Bismarck, and given an introduction.

So I sook a round trip ticket for Bismarck, good for thirty days, for \$21, and returned happy to the depot and found poor Uncle Wilhelm in agonies because just after I Bad confided him to the care of the faithful porter (who didn't talk a word of German, and had insisted on his staying in the waiting-room, he remembered that he had left our satchels, etc., in the cars. So they had gone back to Milwansee and gome more telegraj hing had to be done. After that we got off for Bismarck, and on the way thither, what with one kind adviser and another, I got pretty well mixed up as to which was the best part of the country. This ended in my starting off, on our arrival at Bismarck, with one of my adviser—a lady who had settled at Mandan, on the further side of the Missouri—to prospect.

But meanwhile I had put it straight to Uncle Wilhelm: "Do you mind very much changing your nationality!"

No." "Then you become an American clizen at once, and hurry up:" And the old gentleman had accordingly got out his first papers, so that he could locate 100 acres under the Homestead Act, adjoining our location, when that should be found. There were, however, in the neighborhood of my new friend's farm at Mandan only 160 acres ree, and land in the neighborhood was selling at \$10 per aere, and I had in the neighborhood was selling into the Government office and saying: "Mr. —, I must have some land to-day"; to which that gentleman replict: "When you first came I could have given you land near the large Clark farm, thirteen miles from Bismarck, but now the best I can give you is a mile or two to the north of Driscoll, a station thirty miles cast of Bismarck, and he went on to desprise the land and the lake adjoining th, and gave me all the pros and cons, and promised to

A HOME AT LAST.

On Monday, having got all estimates as to lumber, etc., we "filed on the land" without having seen an acre of it. All we had to do when we should get there was to find the stakes. We kired a wagon for a week for \$25 loaded up the household goods, stores and implements which we had bought, sallied out from Biamarck at 2 p. m., and reached the Clark farm at 6 p. m. Here we

were hospitably entertained for the night, and got useful information as to building, etc. The next day we reached Driscoil at 2 p. m. Here I found a new friend, Mr. D——, who undertook to build me a house, and loaned me an empty shanty, after "bouncing" an unfriendly dog which seemed to be in possession. The shanty had a grass floor, the wind howled through it, and things generally looked uncomfortable, but we unloaded the wagon and made the pest cup of tea I ever tasted. I learned that no lumber was to be had at Stirling (the neares station of consequence to Driscoll), and that we should have to get it at Steele. Then we went out to try to find the stakes of our section, and returned by 9 p. m. with out having done so.

The next day I went twelve miles to Steele and bought the lumber for the house, which could not, however, be loaded up that day because of the rain. On our return Uncle Wilhelm and the horses had disappeared. Mr. Dwent after them, and I had to keep shanty alone. At 5 the next morning the old gentleman turned up by h self, and afterward Mr. D— with the team. No lumber that day; so the next day Mr. D— and his assistant went to Steele for it and returned late that night, explaining that there had been an accident on the line which had prevented its arrival. It did arrive late that night, and all the next two days uncle and I were haul ing it up and got mired with the last load, and it was nearly midflight before I had finished cooking supper.

On Monday we hauled the last load of lumber fro

the depot, and the household goods from the shanty, and then I left Uncle Wilhelm with Mr. D—and his assistant at work on the house, and started out alone in th a agon. I reached Stirling at 5 p.m., much blistered but quite happy. There I found mail matter and a telegran en: "Take Heinrich's land." Then on to the Clark farm, where again I had a good time, after having met a man who had nine horses and did preak-ing in those parts, and who promised to come up on

having met a man who had nine horses and did preaking in those parts, and who promised to come up on
Wednesday morning and break ten zeres. The next day
I started out at 7 a. m. for Bismarck. There was a
bridge down. I missed my road, but drove on through
the rain, sleet and wind, and managed to arrive, nearly
perished, at Bismarck by midday. I returned the wagon
to its owner and then went to the Government land
office to report progress and see about Heinrich's land.
"Well, look at the gypsy!" That was all I could get for
some time, but finally they attended to business.

I stayed that night at the Sheridan House and get
temato, cabbage and other necessary plants for Uncle
Wilhelm, and on Wednesday morning took the train back to
Driscoil, arriving there at 11 a. m. I started for home
with my pack of garden truck, lost my way, and wandered about till 3 p. m., when I could drag my load no
longer, and dropped it near a buffalo carcas by way of
a mark; after which I managed somebow to find my way
to the house. I found the nine horses breaking the ten
acres, the bouse fit to occupy, and some visitors besides
those at work, so I had to cook supper for seven men;
but not before I had dragged poor Mr. D—seven miles
to find that buffalo carcass and had tinally found it and
the pack all right within half a mile of the house. By
noon on Thursday the man said be had broken ten acres
and wanted to be paid. I had them measured and found
that only six had been broken, and paud for six, ania,
concluded I would not have any more broken by a
gentleman who was so weak in geometry.

By Priday at 2 p. m. the house was finished as far as it
could be for the present, so I said good-by to uncle
and left him in command, and ran to catch a local train
at Driscoil for Stirling. At Stirling I took leave of my
speedy builders and took the 9 p. m. train for Fargo
and St. Paul, arriving at the latter place at 9 p. m. the
following night; then to Chicago, where I arrived out
Sunday at 2 p. m.; leaving at 3:30 p. m. and arriving at
thave

DOGS IN THE BAGGAGE-CAR.

A NEW ORDER ON THE NEW-HAVEN ROAD AND ITS RESULTS.

A new order lately issued on the New-York, New-Haven and Hartford Railroad has been exciting considerable interest among the faire portion of the patrons of the road. It is nothing more or less than an order forbidding the presence of dogs o any description in the passenger cars of the line. It is not ferbidden that dogs shall travel, but it is decreed that they shall henceforth ride in the baggag fare is charged, the order states, and the company are instructed to take special care of the pets the judicious information being volunteered, however that if the servants of the company are "remembered the company will not object.

Last night it happened that at less a score of

having their lap dogs with them were at the Grand Central Depot waiting for the train to depart. Soldenly their eyes fell on the printed notice. If Salmi Morse had been there he could have written a sixth act for "A Bustle Among the Petticoata." the gates were opened the gatemen kept a special eye on

the gates were opened the gatemen kept a special eye on the women, and it made them binah to see how many had made up their minds to deceive the company. Dogs were extracted from baskets and boxes, and constaned to the comfortless baggage car despite the protests and entreaties of their fair owners.

Just before an out-bound train left the depot yesterday morning a richly dressed woman, with a spaniel dog in her arms, entered one of the coaches, and proceeded to make herself and her pet comfortable for a long trip. "Madame." said the conductor soon after the train started, "dogs are not allowed in the passenger conches of this company. Your pet must be taken by a brakeman to the baggage ear where he will be eafe enough until you reach your destination."

tion."
"You don't think I would allow a brakeman to touch my dog, do you!" said she with a frown.
"Weil, I shan't. I think it's real mean for your company to make such horrid rules any way. It Dottie must be taken into that awful baggage car, I'll take her there myself." And she did. For two hours she said on a broken-down chair in the baggage car and held her dog, while the man who handled the baggage piled trunks and boxes all about her.

The notice grew out of a suit brought against the

DIRTY STREETS AND FAULTY DRAINS.

ONE EFFECT OF PIPE-LAYING DOWN TOWN-NOIS

OME ODORS AND SICKENING FILTIL Many of the streets of the city are in a condition calculated to awaken concern in the minds of persons who give thought to the health of the city's people A THIBUNE reporter in a five hours' stroll through the lower districts recently made notes of the condition of the pavements, the gutters and sewer-openings of the streets through which he walked. Nassau-st. and Broadway were found to be full of ruts and holes and puddles, the latter emitting noisome smells, and all add-ing to the difficulty and danger of wagon traffic. Washington, Greenwich and West sts. were in a worse condition than either of the other two, but the storekeepers have become so accustomed to their misfortune that they have ceased to complain, although their tempers ar sometimes tried when after a heavy rain the sower become clogged and small ponds form at all the crossings. In these ponds pare-legged urchins wade and play with tiny wooden boats and often splash the passer-by with dirty water and mud. Along Ninth-ave, and Hudson-st. truckscrash from one rut into the other, and the feligated truckman, as he aways from side to side, mentally blesses the Department of Public Works for

giving him such healthy exercise.

At Thirteenth and Hudsons sts. and also at Thirteenth-st. and Ninth-ave, the sewers refuse to act after the slightest storm. After a heavy storm like that of last Sunday, a lake is formed across both streets, and long plank bridges are laid at the crossings. "We are tired of complaining," said Mr. Lohman, an old merchant in the neighborhood; "I sppose we must grin and ear it, though it is awfully hard on the little children. Many of the deaths in this neighborhood since summe set in I attribute to diseases caused by the gases emitted by these puddles. For one I would prefer the dust in the hottest weather to the puddles formed by the street sprinklers. It is bad enough when it rains, without making it worse."

On the East Side in the tenement districts the foul odors can be smelled for blocks; yet little chidren play in the filthy gutters and streets, their parents being seemingly unconscious of danger. Physicians and un-dertakers are busy and white hearses attract little or no

dertakers are busy and white hearses attract little or no attention.

Deputy Commissioner Hamlin of the Department of Public Works says that the depressions in Nassau-st, and Broadway are caused by the frequent laying of pipes by different companies. The latter are obliged to keep the streets in repair for a year after they have opened them, and the Department is forcing them to do so as far as possible. Cangs of men are working throughout the city, and the Department, he sava, is doing all it can under an appropriation of \$170,000, which is \$25,000 less than that of last year. Some streets are to be repayed, and in these no repairs are making.

Assistant Engineer-in-Chief Webster, of the Bureau of Sewers, says that the ponds at street crossings are caused by the clogging of the receivers. Inspectors and the police report stoppages and they average from ten to fifteen a day. "You have no idea," he said, "of what we find in these receiving cisterns when we clean them. Dead dogs, cats and even bables. A few years ago at least seventy-five children annually were found in these receivers, but since the foundling asylum has been opened the number has ownsiderably decreased."

and two young men in the street were playing ball. One throw the ball wide and it hit the goatleman with terrific force just back of the ear, making him thus a was elain. The young man who threw the ball came up to him and apologized. He said: "I'm mighty sorry it hurr you, but it's my juck you were there. If you nade, been, the ball would have broken a pane of glass in that basement window." gentleman was walking along the sidewalk

SPANISH COURT SCANDAL

THE NEWSPAPER STORY THAT ROUSED AL-PHONSO'S WRATH.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUN Paris, June 29. The prosecution of El Globo by the Spanish Gov. ernment was a piece of astounding folly. A very light sentence has set all the jesters on the side of the Editor of that paper, which, be it observed, is Castelar's organ. It was impossible for the Judges not to have convicted on technical grounds. Nobody could doubt that "The Tale of the Kalife Hafrum Ben Muza's Adventures" was an indirect attack on King Alphonso. Under a very thin veil of fiction not only he and the Duke de Sesto, Marquis of Alcanices, are brought forward, but Mile. Blanca Espronce (Lindaraja and the Duchess of Ossuna, who is by right of birth a serene highness of the German Empire, and accordingly an equal of Maria Christina. It is probable that if she and another lady (one who plays the guzla and has grown fat) had not been exposed, the Editor of El Globo would have escaped with a nominal penalty.

The attempts of the Spanish Embassy, acting through Le Figaro, to hush up the affair, have drawn attention to it. I never read anything more palpa bly apocryphal than the telegraphic correspon which is represented by that Boulevard gazette as having passed between the King and Queen latter quitted Madrid. Le Gaulois, whose faith in royal virtue is unbounded, is unable to swallow the telegrams. It will be observed that Christina does not say a word Li them of incidents which would have been uppermost in her mind, such as the cordial reception she met with from the Montpensier family and her visit with the Infantidas to Don Francisco at Ormesson. An official of the Telegraphic Department (and a high one) assures me that Le Figaro either invented or was taken in, for to his certain knowledge the messages the Queen transmitted are not the ones given in that journal. I believe however, that owing to the European noise the quarrel in the royal menage has given rise to, their majesties have agreed that bygones are to be forgotten. When Alphonso goes to Germany Christina is, it is announced, to act as Regent.

One of the grandees, the Count de Tamares, who was at the jolly supper at the Casa de Campo when it was invaded by the young Queen, is a nephew of the Empress Eugénie.

The following is an exact translation of the story in which the attack on his Most Catholic Majesty was made :

on the downfall of the Kalifate of Cordova, a multitude of little kingdoms arose upon its ruins. At the head of one of them was a sovereign the memory of whose acts and deeds, because of their insignificance, is lost in the nights of time. However, in looking through chronicles in which the dust of ages has gathered, I found a chapter which deals with that monarch and which deserves to be rescued from oblivion. The incidents that it relates had a commonplace origin, but unfolded into one of those dramss which, unseen by the world, are performed in the mysterious Aleazar wherein dwelt ages ago Hafrum Ben Muza. Hafrum sacended the throne at the end of a period troubled by the long civil wars which marked the reign and the downfall of Muza, his predacessor. The latter sovereign had been deposed by the great men of his kingdom because of dissipated courses. It might have been supposed that this lesson would serve as a warning to Hafrum Ben Muza. Unfortunately he let it slip from his memory. He was married to the gentic and virtuous daughter of a Christian prince, who in giving her to Hafrum made him promiss to renounce the Seraglio and the sensual creed of his race. But the blood of the Moslem was thicker than the pure water of baptism. The hereditary bent of the King was too strong to be overcome, unless by an iron will.

by an iron will.

Now, Harrum was of an unstable character, and took no trouble to correct his innate defects. Neither the peace of his household, which was conducted on Chraitian principles, nor the pure carcases of his approse, could allay his thirst for pleasure or cool the burning blood that he had derived to the property of the country wished to break loose. All Kanic, the chief cunnch, perceiving that his function would become a sinceure it in the country wished to break loose. All Kanic, the chief cunnch, perceiving that his function would become a sinceure it in the country of the Faltinary and All Kanic, who fasticity as a since of the Faltinary and All Kanic, who fasticity as a since of the faltinary and All Kanic, who fasticity as which to bear, "Youth fleets as do the country of the country of

that she was a lady of the Court and a friend of All Kanle, and a gloomy presentiment made her tremble. What did this woman want! Hatred impelled her and a thirst for veng-ance consumed her. She was known to be on excelent terms with the obliging All Kanle, and she had suffered at finding hersel! laughed at and derided by the preud and uoble lady who had lately captivated Hafrum Een Muza. She had also divined from an unguarded word let fell by All why she was a batt for sarcusto, and she came to tell the Queen about the King's doings. All that rancer suggested she poured into the ear of the Sultans, who was too much carried that the ear of the Sultans, who was too much carried into the ear of the Sultans, who was too much carried into the ear of the Sultans, who was too much carried players on the guzla and other humbles beauties players on the guzla and other humbles beauties and for a rival one who thought herself of as light rank as the Queen, and who usurped her place in the heart of the King. So listening only to the voice of anger, she proceeded to the villa where the lovers were. She defied all those who were astounded at her disregard for the haws of ethquette. Some courtiers who stood in her way were brushed saide, and when All Kanle ran out to stop her, she cried "Wretch! get out of my sight! What salary does my husband give you for your base services!" Having thus speken, she made her way list the supper-room where were the King and the illustrious innanorata. The thunder storm burst, The Sultana upbraided the Sultan, and threw in his race all his promises and oaths. She invoked the justice of Heaven, and declared that she would go to exhale her grief to her own clerty of her triumphant rivals. As he could not deny her accusations, Harrum said nothing. The lady disappeared as if hy enchantment, owing to the good office of All Kanic. The noise of this adventure spread rapidly, and terrified every one. Valuly Hafarum tried to cailing, which, however, proved too violent to be conceied.

The King's relat

State realsons and experience of the state o here were children.

Here a leaf is wiped from the chronicie. Pending the carch for it we shall go no farther. But when we find

it we shall give the chapter relating the Quever wounded pride and lealousy.

That such a victory has been gained there seems little doubt. It is now announced that on her return from Vienna, Maria Christina is to meet Alphonso at La Granja, and that on the eve of his tour in Northern Europe, she is to be invested with the Regency. The Alphonsist Monarchy is too weak for their Most Cataolic Majesties to wash their soiled linen in public and indulge feeling toward each other. There are also two little girls, who must be reared in Spain.
The Queen is fondly attached to them and
the King is also. He is not bad-hearted. But he

The Duchess of Ossuna, or Ossuna, belongs to the House of Salm-Salm, and is stepdaughter of the Prince of Salme-Braunfels. Her father was a sovereign prince and a Wildgraf and a Rhinegraf of Westphalia. The Emperor Maximilian thoughs the Duchess the handsomest woman he ever be-held. He saw her as a bride just before he started for Mexico. She was tall and majestic, th slender. He thought that Homer in painting Ju must have had in his mind's eye a woman exactly like her. The late Duke of Ossuna was the richest grandee in Spain, and was much run after by the Empress Eugénie when she was Mile. knew him wondered that he had the determination to resist being led by her to the hymeneal altar. His magnificence was proverbial and he had splendid palaces, some of which he never visited, in most parts of Spain. They were placed at the disposal of friends and well kept up. He once asked a friend who was going into the Basque provinces to put up at a seat which he fancied he possessed there. On discovering that he was mis-taken he wrote to an agent to buy him the taken he wrote to an agent to buy him the handsomest residence in the province and to furnish it richly. This was done and the friend made himself at home in it for three or four weeks. The duke never took the trouble of seeing in what way his order had been executed. His profusion at the Court of St. Petersburg to which he was accredited put to shame the Demidoffs. It also half ruined him. The Duchess was the most Olympian figure at the balls at the Winter Palace. She bears the name of Elèonore, and is an accomplished musician. Her voice is both sonorous and sweet. She used to be irresistible when she sang. Don Alphonso might be the son of this ripe beauty. It was the Duchess who apparently was at supper in the Casa de Campo when Queen Christina burst in there. The Duke de Sesto was a favorite of Queen Isabella from the time she dropped Serrano until she threw the handkerchief to Marfon. He is therefore presumably more to the young King than a grand master of his household.

MINNESOTA AND MANITOBA.

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

RICH CROPS AND WONDERFUL MACHINERY-GREAT PROSPERITY OF MINNEAPOLIS-BAD REPORTS FROM ANOCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE

MINNEAPOLIS, July 1 .- Should ro unexpected MINNEAPOLIS, July 1.—Should no unexpected influences interfere, this will be a glorious harvest year for Minnesota. Small grain looks fine in about every section of the State, and it is calculated that the increased sergage of wheat is fully 10 per cent more than was planted last year. Corn is backward, as it is nearly all over the country north of the Ohio, but wheat is Minnesota's backbone crop, and that looks well. This part of the great Western bread-basket has not suffered from the severe rains that have done as much damage, in the the severe rains that have done so much damage in the States south of here and everything in the way of farm-ing looks propitious, and the heart of the machine man is filled with great joy.

People in the East do not fully apprec

People in the East do not they appreciate the target strides made during the past few years toward perfection in agricultural machinery. It is only a short time since the harvester supplanted the reaping machine and quite recently the wire feelf-binder; dismissed the harvester. But there were serious objections to the use of the wire binding machines. Farmers complained that the wire got mixed with the straw in threshing, made strawpiles dangerous for cattle to feed at, while mill-men said that the wire got into the grain and injured the milling. This last objection was partly remedied by placing magnets in the hopper, to which all metallic particles clung as the grain passed on to the stones. But the wire self-binder has been relegated to the past, and the seme of harvesting has been strained with the new cord self-binder. This wonderful machine with the new cord self-sinder. This wonderful machines cuts the grain, rolls it into neat, compact sheaves, and ties a hemp cord around each with a dexterity and nimbleness far surpassing anything manual. With one of these cord machines a farmer can draw on his kid. of these core machines a farmer can draw on his kid gloves in harvest time, polish his boots, adjust his lawa cravat, and seating himself after breakfast in a luxurious spring seat, take a pleasant ride over his field, and jog home to supper complacently reflecting that he leaves behind him some ten acres of cleanly cut and neatly bound grain, all of it the work of his individual self, and without a mark of perspiration upon his immaculate shirt bosom. When one reflects that he ploughs and mellows his ground in a sulky-plough seat, and drills in his wheat in a like luxurious manner, one can form s

And is it to be wondered that farming has become profitable! With the old-style reaper, which was thought to be a wonderful machine fifteen years ago, seven men went into the field and bound. Their harvest wages were from \$3 to \$4 a day, and when men could not be had (which often occurred) the grain wasted upon the ground. The harvester was a great improvement upon the reaper. One man drove it, while two men, ridh standing behind the knives, bound the grain as it ear tumbling up to them. But now one man does the driv-ing and the machine does the rest of the work. In Callfornia they have threshers and reapers comi machine enters a field of standing grain and leaves naught behind but mown straw and sacks of threshed

DARK VIEWS OF MANITOBA.

What becomes of the seven men that followed the oldstyle reaper! I do not know, unless they went up to Manitoba and are now petitioning their friends for money to bring them back. Such would seem to be the case, if the returned Winnipegers I have met here are to be believed. The emigration into the far Northwest has been immense, but the migration out of it would also be on a very extensive scale if the wanderers had opportunities to return. The reports brought by such prodicals as find their way back to Minneapolis are far from flattering. They state Manitoba to be the most over-done country in North America. Everything, from merchandising to day laboring, is far in excess of the demand. The country is essentially a small-grain raising section, and by no manner of means a paradise. There is good land, but also a great deal of worthless soil. The majority of the settlers are very poor, and entirely de pendent upon their crops, and in many localities grain-raising is as yet experimental. The merchants of the towns are nearly all newly started traders with small

towns 'are nearly all newly started traders with small capital and cannot carry the poorer farmers until they see how the crops will turn out. As to laborers, they can be had in plenty at \$1 a day, while the most the railroads now building pay their hands is \$1.25 to \$1.50, with board at \$4.50 to \$5 per week, and 'tough' board at that. The wages paid to mechanics are fully as low as in the East, and the opportunities for work much scarcer.

I need not recapitalate the stories told of town and city real estate in the Red River of the North country. You have heard them at length. Suffice it to say that exity property which one short year ago commanded inbulious prices in Winnipeg, can hardly be sold ateal now. Real estate in the other far Northwestern towns is similarly depressed. The sist of the information derived from parties returning from Manitoha is that its boom "has all turned to smoke. It is a passably fair wheat country, but it is not the gardenot the world, nor a paradise for men of moderate means, nor a harbor of refuge for unemployed poverty. Where it gives a home to one person it breaks the hearts of half a dozen.

GROWTH AND INDUSTRY OF MINNEAPOLIS.

GROWTH AND INDUSTRY OF MINNEAPOLIS. But if Winnipeg has boomed its boom, this city of Minneapolis hangs to its with wonderful tenacity. It is now the largest city west of Chicago, in the United States north, with the exception of Ean Prancisco. The city directory, just completed, gives if a population of 100,000. When it absorbs St. Paul (the city limits of the two places are now only three miles apart), which it is likely to do within the next lew years, it will make a respectable municipality of over two hundred thousand inhabitants. I have been here several times during the inhabitants. I have been here several times during the past decade, and whenever I revisit Minneapolis its magical growth astonishes me. The city is encircled with a broad fringe of new houses, all erected this year, and ordinary town lots, at a radius of a mile and a halt from the city's centre, sell from \$500 to \$2,000 apiece. There have been enormously profitable speculations in real satate during the past three gran, and any one who has watched the growth of Chicago will heatrate to assert that Minneapolis has outrun its boom. Shepperd Knapp & Co., of New-York, are about to start a wholesale carpet house here, and there are rumors of several other large Eastern houses grafting into this new field.

The city is one of the quietest and most orderly in the West. Drinking places are comparatively few, and other pernicious features of new Western towns exceptionally

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